By Sidney Smith

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## A BACHELOR HUSBAND

By RUBY M. AYRES Author of "Richard Chatterton," Etc.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY chis BEGINS THE STORY

drie Chester and Christopher

less were raised together, and

a her father died they married;

because she loved him and

ght he loved her; he because he

her, didn't love anybody else,

could use the money the arrange
t brought him. On their honey
a she learns the truth and tells

he may live the life of a Bachelor

band his friends expected. A Sand his friends expected. A Heriot throws herself in his Mrs. Heriot throws herself in his easy, and Marie experiences a grouping affection for Dakers, known as feathers, a friend of her husband. Marie on returning home is saddened not at Chris' moroseness, but at heresisation that she lacks Mrs. Heriot's power to sway him. Chris goes to St. Andrews for golf with his boon companions, leaving her disconnection in a motortrip through the country with the faithful Feathers she lets him know some of her hurt feeling toward Chris. They have a feeling toward Chris. They have a the country with the faithful Feathers the lets him know some of her hurt feeling toward Chris. They have a clorious day, marred only by meeting Mrs. Heriot at an inn. Another trip to the country impels Aunt Madge to write rebukingly to Chris for neglecting Marie. The dear old body is worried. Meanwhile as Christert komeward, according to a wire ledy is worried. according to a wire resceived by Marie, she goes off boating on the Thames with Feathers, when she pities for his homeliness

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

FARIE turned her head obediently. M They were nearing an old bridge, bellt so low down to the water that it eas only possible for a boat to pass beneath it if the occupants bent their

heeds.
"We'll go through and tie up on the other side," Feathers said. "Mind your head." He guided the boat skillfully through and out on the other side.

Marie laughed and raised her head. through and out on the other side.

Marie laughed and raised her head.
Her soft hair was all roughened by the cashions, and one long strand had tumbled down over her shoulder.

"How old did you tell me you were?"
Feathers asked rather grimly. "Nineten or nine?"

"Yearly treaty." Marie said india.

"Nearly twenty," Marie said indig-"I refuse to believe it," he answered. "You are only just out of the school

room with that curl hanging down." He indicated the fallen lock of hair and Marie laughed and blushed as she hur-riedly fastened it up.

They tied up to a bank, and Feathers at out the lunch. Marie wanted to do it, but he said s, it was her holiday, and she was not

work at all. "Look upon me as a sort of serf or "Look upon me as a sort of serf or massal!" he said, laughingly. "Order me about; put your foot on my neck, for today I am your humble servant."
"But only for today!" said Marie, with a quick little sigh.
He looked up aboutly

He looked up sharply. "What do you mean?" What do you mean?
She answered quite innocently:
"I only meant that I wish good things
did not last such a little while. I've
zerer been so happy as I am now."
"Never, Mrs. Lawless? Isn't that
rather a big order?"

She sat up, leaning her chin in the palm of her hand. "It's true," she said quietly. "I used to dream about a lot of silly things that could never really come true, but this "-she looked at the beauty of the peaceful scene surrounding them.
"I never thought I could be-s

Feathers had been opening a tin of tergue, and the knife slipped suddenly, cutting deeply into his hand. He gave a little exclamation of an-wyance, and Marie started up. "Oh,

nothing at all." He urriedly bound it round with a hand-erchlef. "Heavens, don't look so It's nothing to what has hap-when we've been camping out the tent we were sleeping in collapsed one night and we were nearly mothered. I should have been but for

Chris—he hauled me out."
"Did he?" her face grew wistful.
"Chris is very fond of you," she said.
Feathers shrugged his shoulders.
"Oh we get "Oh, we get on very well together." He went on preparing the luncheon, when it was ready he rose to his

t and made her a salaam. "The feast is served, fair lady!"
He had tied the champagne bottle to
be side of the boat, letting it dangle
a the water, and he drew it carefully
up and released the cork, letting it fly p into the trees overhead with a treus report.

Marie laughed like a child; she was to happy today that everything pleased Feathers filled two glasses and hand-done to her, holding out his own in a

"To your future happiness," he said

Marie flushed a little. To yours, she said tremulously. his very happy day."
Feathers winced as if she had hurt him, but he answered lightly:
"Well, why not? We can come
again tomorrow, if you like. Wise
people take advantage of the sunshine

a this country."

Her face paled; she put the glass down untouched. Then abruptly she drew the crumped telegram from her tock and gave it to him.

"Mr. Dakers, this came this morn He took it wonderingly; read it, and

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked did not answer, and he went on al most angrily : "You should have stayed it home. Mrs. Lawless, why didn't you will me? We could easily have can-She answered him then, in a little

Be use because I wanted to com ith 3 ..... And there followed a long anbroken save for the soft cooing of a unbroken save for the soft coes overhead. Feathers was kneeling on the grassy

k to which the punt was moored. head a little downbent, his brows All her life Marie remembered him he looked then, such a big, very masbline man, with his great shoulders had ugly head, his jaw thrust out in an

stinute line, and yet—there seemed be something strangely helpless bout him, something that seemed to ontradict the angry tone in which he just spoken. Then, quite suddenly he looked up ad their eyes met, Marie's hot and

aplained why, and bis trying so hard at to betray the agitation that was

ending him.

"Are you angry with me?" she falared. "Oh, don't be angry with me."
and, covering her face with her hands. ourst into tears.

Feathers got up abruptly and stood ith averted head staring down stream. th averted head staring down man the the river was flowing swiftly just the river was flowing swiftly just and it was carrying with it a toy boat which some one had ed out of a newspaper.

teathers followed its passage me-anically. It seemed symbolical of which he had just allowed himself the head just allowed himself the highest with the tide, until when he stood face to face with disaster of the hidden rock of a

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girl's simplicity and desperate unhap-Feathers was no fool, and he knew quite well that Marie's tears were the outcome of all she had suffered since

outcome of all she had suffered since her marriage.

She had looked for love and happiness, and had found neither. She had been flung back on herself and his friendship, and in her gratitude for the little he had done to try to cheer her she had magnified her affection for him.

He did some swift thinking the same had magnified her affection for him. did some swift thinking as be stood there, his face resolutely turned from her as she sat crying desolutely. Every instinct of his manhood was

by the property instinct of his manhood was to take her in his arms and comfort her, but he knew that such happiness was not for him—could never be for him.

After a moment he went back to the deserted lunch. His face was white, but he made a desperate effort to speak cheerily.

he wasps consume it all?"

Marie dried her tears, and laughed
and cried again.

"I'm so sorry; I don't know why I was such a baby. No; don't look at me; I'm so ashamed."

me; I'm so ashamed."

She leaned over the side of the punt and bathed her eyes in the cool water, drying them on Feathers' silk hand-kerchief, which he put within her reach. He went on calmly serving out the lunch and talking about anything that came into his head.

"Last time I was here it came on to pour cats and dogs just as we'd started lunch! There was lobster mayonnaise. I remember, and a fine mess it was it was it.

I remember, and a fine mess it was in.
We're luckier today. There isn't a
cloud. Do you like cream? Yes, I
remember you said you did when we
lunched at Mrs. Costin's inn."

He gave Marie plenty of time to recover herself. A great sigh of relief escaped him when at last she looked up and smiled.
"All right now?"

"And I'm quite forgiven?"

"It wasn't your fault! You know it wasn't.

"Well, we won't argue! Mrs. Law-less, if you don't drink that cham-pagne I shall have to come and make

Marie drank some of it, and it did her good. The her cheeks. The color stole slowly back to They talked trivialities for the re-

mainder of the meal, and then Feathers gravely washed up and stowed the remains of the feast away in the hamper.

"We'll go on to Henley for tea," he said, "and you'll see the house-boats. I came down to one three years ago with a house party. Chris and Atkins were there as well. By the way, I had a note from Atkins last night."

"Did you?" Marie flushed. "I should like to see him again." he said.

hould like to see him again," he said.
"Well, why not? Now Chris is home we must make up some dinner parties and theatre parties."
She looked away. "He's not home

"No; but he will be. You'll find him looking for you when we get back, and eady to break my head for having taken "Do you think so?" Her voice was

oldly contemptuous, and Feathers burriedly tried another subject.

"The thing to do in a punt is to go to sleep. Have you ever slept in a punt in a backwater like this? No? Then you've missed half the joys of life. Come out on the bank a minute and let

ne arrange those cushions. hand to her, but she "Nothing, nothing at all." He avoided it, and stood watching stiently dipped his hand into the water and as he made a great business of plumping up the cushions and spreading his cont for her to lie on.

"There you are! Isn't that great? Mind, you'll upset the whole show!" He tightened the moorings a little and ooked down at her with a strained

Marie had gone back to the punt and ragged a cushion beneath her dark hend.

Feathers sat down on the grass, his back to a tree, and produced a pipe, "I've had this pipe four years," he said. "Chris says it's a disgrace to civilization, but I like it! You don't mind if I smoke?"

"No, please do." She closed her eyes, not from any wish to sleep, but to avoid talking. There was a little fear at the back of her mind which she could not capture or

recognize. Why had she cried? Why was it now that when Chris was on his way home perhaps was already in London-there was no joy in her heart,

only dread? It was very still there in the backwater. Now and then a bird darted down from the trees overhead and kimmed the clear water with a flash of brown wings; or some little creature stirred in the rushes, splashing the water and sending out ever-widening circles

to the opposite bank.
Feathers sat motionless, his arms olded, puffing at his pipe, his eyes fixed on Marie's face.
Such a child! Such a child! That

was always his compassionate thought of her; and yet—those tears she had shed just now had not been a child's tears, but a woman's. He was afraid to question himself,

afraid to read the answer which he knew was there in his heart, but his eyes searched the soft corners of her

face with passionate longing.

Was she asieep? Somehow he did not think she was. And yet he was glad of these moments in which he might look at her without having to hold the mask before his face—for this little time in this her seemed to be his own. which she seemed to be his own. He had long known that he loved her

and had accepted the fact as philosophically as he had accepted the many frontes and disappointments of his life. It was meant to be! He could not have helped or prevented it, even had he wished. She was his friend's wife,

and there was not one disloyal thought in Feathers' heart as he sat there, and as his pipe grew cold, and dreamed with his eyes on little Marie Celeste. There was a gramophone playing somewhere in the distance, and the vater between lent it a softness and nelody that was undeserved. It grew

learer and clearer as the boat carrying came up stream, and presently feathers could distinguish the words of the song:

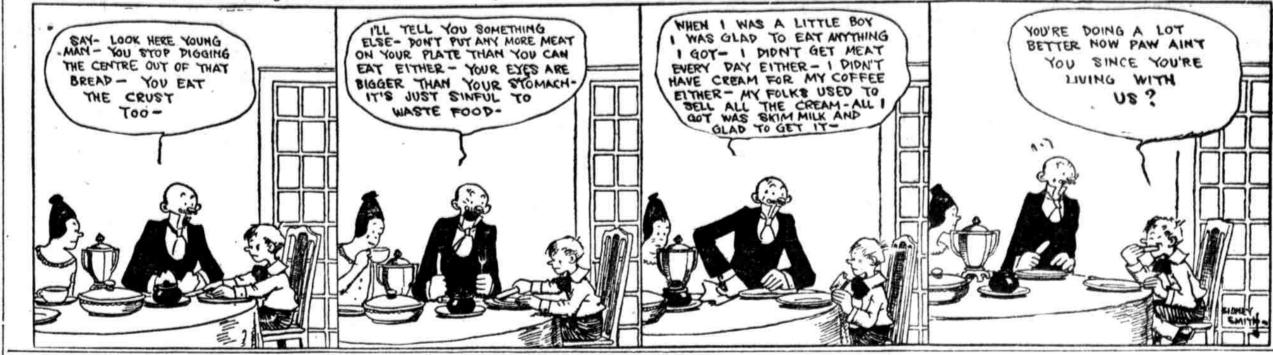
I dream of the day I met you:
I dream of the light divine
That shone in your tender eyes, love.
When first they looked in mine.
I dream of the rose you gave me,
I dream of our last farewell.
I dream of the silent longing
That only the heart can teli—

Feathers had a healthy scorn for all things sentimental, but he found him-relf listening till the boat had passed on and the song vanished again into

He looked at his watch then-it was o'clock. If they started at once they could not possibly get home before half-past 7 or 8, he knew, and recklessness closed down upon him.

It was his last day! Why not snatch all the hours possible? What could it matter to Chris if he lost a little of his

wife's company? CONTINUED MONDAY THE GUMPS—Times Have Changed Since Father Was a Boy



"And this is the day we were going to enjoy so much! You will never come out with me any more now I have been such a brute. Mrs. Lawless, won't you have some of this jam randwich before the wasna consume it all?"

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—She Doesn't Need Him the wasna consume it all?" By Hayward Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company WON'T YOU EXPLAIN TO ME AGAIN WHAT IS IT AGAIN THIS HAVE I SEEN YOUR OH REAHLY, I GET OH-ER-THANKS! MARY IVE EXPLAINED MORNING, STUPID ? PENCIL ? SURE! THERE ENOUGH EXERCISE WITH IT IS BACK DUCHESS, I AM BY THE WAY, FILING TO YOU A HOLY HOOCH! HOW YOU SAID TROT OUT THE QUESTIONS, MILLION TIMES. NOW OF YOUR THE "DUMBELLS" HOW DO YER THE BOSS WANTED TEACHER IS LISTENING. THINKING OF COME HERE AND TILL FILE THIS THIS ENTRY MADE ROUND HERE NOW! SLIP YOU THE HOW T STARTING A LETTER ? CLASS IN PHYSICAL ONCE MORE! CULTURE HERE IN THE WORKS . F E-HATWARD

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says she guesses her father must be improving at his golf as she overheard him say he went around in 56 last week but was up to 71 to-day, but he didn't seem very well satisfied with his progress.





PETEY-Ain't Football Rough









GASOLINE ALLEY-Saturday Activities

